For Chriſtian ſhame, put by this barbarous brawle;
He that ſtirres next, to carue forth his owne rage,
Holds his ſoule light, he dies vpon his motion;
Silence that dreadfull bell, it frights the Iſle
From her propriety: what's the matter maſters?
Honeſt *Iago*, that lookes dead with grieuing,
Speake, who began this, on thy loue I charge thee.

Iag. I doe not know, friends all but now, euen now,
In quarter, and in termes, like bride and groome,
Deuesting them to bed, and then but now,
As if ſome planet had vnwitted men,
Swords out, and tilting one at others breaſt,
In oppoſition bloody. I cannot ſpeake
Any beginning to this peeuiſh odds;
And would in action glorious, I had loſt
Theſe legges, that brought me to a part of it.

Oth. How came it *Michael*, you were thus forgot?

Caſ. I pray you pardon me, I cannot ſpeake.

Oth. Worthy *Montanio*, you were wont be ciuill,
The grauity and ſtilneſſe of your youth,
The world hath noted, and your name is great,
In men of wiſeſt cenſure: what's the matter
That you vnlace your reputation thus,
And ſpend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night brawler? giue me anſwer to't?

Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,
Your Officer *Iago* can informe you,
While I ſpare ſpeech, which ſomething now offends me,
Of all that I doe know, nor know I ought
By me, that's ſed or done amiſſe this night,
Vnleſſe ſelfe-charity be ſometime a vice,
And to defend our ſelues it be a ſinne,
When violence aſſayles vs.

Oth. Now by heauen
My blood begins my ſafer guides to rule,
And paſſion hauing my beſt iudgement coold,
Aſſayes to leade the way. Zouns, if I ſtirre,

Or

Or doe but lift this arme, the beſt of you
Shall ſinke in my rebuke: giue me to know
How this foule rout began, who ſet it on,
And he that is approou'd in this offence,
Tho he had twin'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall looſe me; what, in a Towne of warre,
Yet wild, the peoples hearts brim full of feare,
To mannage priuate and domeſticke quarrels,
In night, and on the Court and guard of ſafety?
Tis monſtrous. *Iago*, who began?

Mon. If partiality affin'd, or league in office,
Thou doeſt deliuer more or leſſe then truth,
Thou art no ſouldier.

Iag. Touch me not ſo neere,
I had rather ha this tongue out from my mouth,
Then it ſhould doe offence to *Michael Caſſio*:
Yet I perſwade my ſelfe to ſpeake the truth,
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is Generall:
Montanio and my ſelfe being in ſpeech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for helpe,
And *Caſsio* following him with determin'd ſword,
To execute vpon him: Sir this Gentleman
Steps in to *Caſsio*, and intreates his pauſe;
My ſelfe the crying fellow did purſue,
Leſt by his clamour, as it ſo fell out,
The Towne might fall in fright: he ſwift of foote,
Out ran my purpoſe: and I returnd the rather,
For that I heard the clinke and fall of ſwords:
And *Caſsio* high in oaths, which till to night,
I ne're might ſee before: when I came backe,
For this was briefe, I found them cloſe together,
At blow and thruſt, euen as agen they were,
When you your ſelfe did part them.
More of this matter can I not report,
But men are men, the beſt ſometimes forget;
Tho *Caſsio* did ſome little wrong to him,
As men in rage ſtrike thoſe that wiſh them beſt,